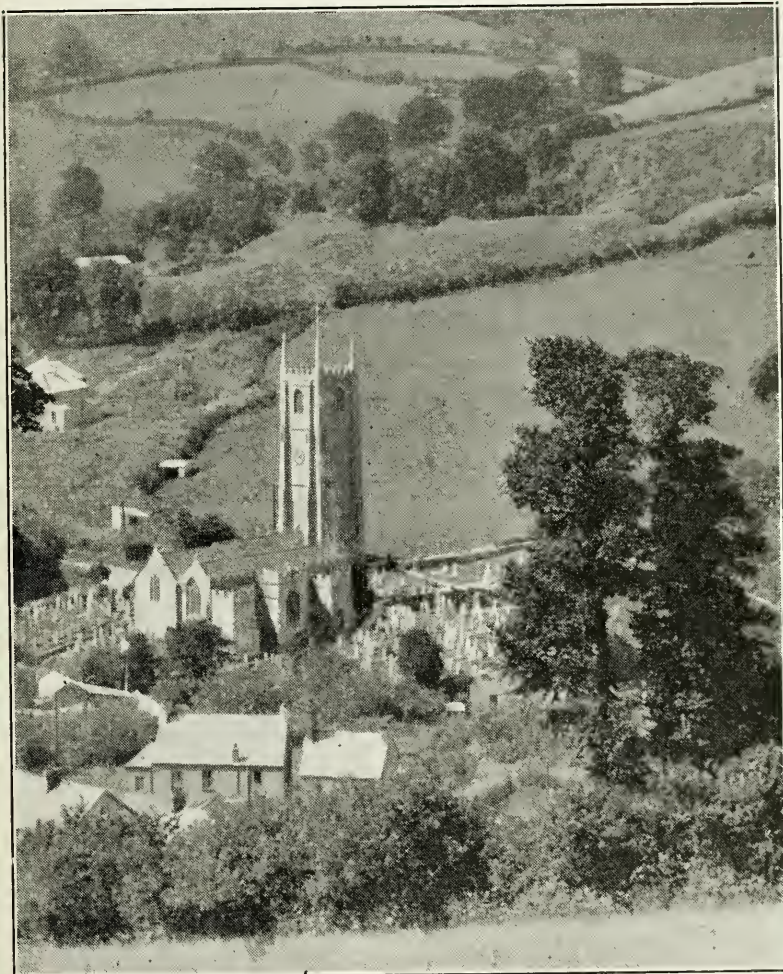
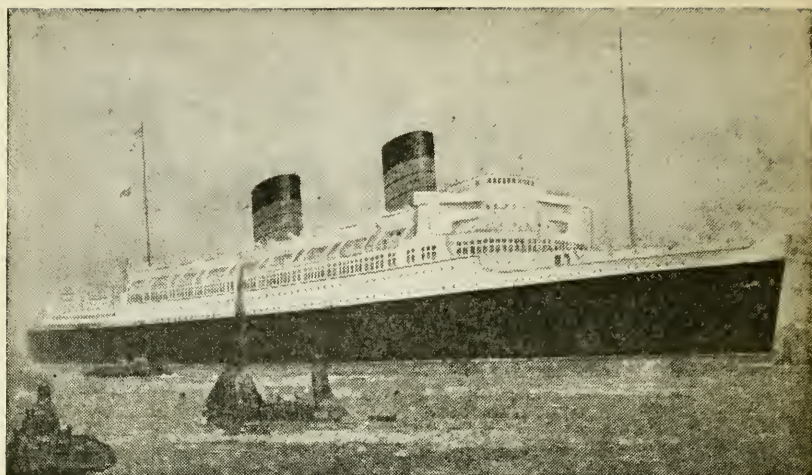


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THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR

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Museum 1354

And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth. And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?

—John 9: 1-2

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THIS WEEK'S COVER—

ANOTHER picture showing the scenic beauty of Britain is shown on the cover of this week's STAR. The scene is a churchyard at Combe Martin, in Devon, not far from Bristol Channel.

IN THIS ISSUE—

A discussion of some outstanding responsibilities of Church members. See page 435.

The story of a dog and a boy. See page 443.

POETRY

LIFE

By MARVIN BOYER

Life is like a flower:
When you do the kind thing
Its petals unfold
So that God can see,
But when you do the unkind thing
Its petals wither
So that an unhappy story is told.



RAIN

By ELAINE STEVENS

The rain is like a lover
Riding from the south,
Astride a steed with lightning wings.
To kiss the earth's soft mouth.

The rain is like a maiden,
Smoothing an old man's cheek,
Laughing away all sorrow,
Gentle, sweet, and meek.

The rain is like a new-born babe,
Fresh and pure and clean.
She smiles at kindly nature's gifts,
And laughs with laughter keen.

THE CARPENTER'S SON

By HUGH J. HUGHES

I am glad that the Lord I have loved so well
Was born to earth in the common way;
And to common folk by a roadside well,
In a manger where cattle had browsed their hay.

I am glad that the Lord I have loved so long
Was a boy like others I've known about;
A boy who was eager for play and song,
With a cheery heart and a lusty shout.

I am glad that the Lord on whose heart I lay
The burdens of life when my own heart fails
Was a man who worked in a craftsman's way
With boards and a saw and hammer and nails.

I am glad that the Lord to whose hands I trust
This spirit of mine when the end is won,
Was a man who tasted the highway dust,
And who hungered for rest when the day was done.

Honouring Our Responsibilities

By ELDER MELVIN J. BALLARD

Of the Council of the Twelve

THE CHURCH has a definite mission and responsibility. Sometimes in my missionary work people have asked: "Why do you send missionaries to this town? We are all Christians here. Why do you not go to the pagan nations?"

Our mission is to every nation, kindred, tongue and people, no matter what their faith or nationality. Our mission is unique. We recognize no competitors, and yet we recognize men doing good in all churches, insomuch as they teach men to honour Christ, to believe in God and attempt to live up to some at least of the teachings of the Master.

A disciple once asked the Master: "Lord, are there few that be saved?" And He answered: "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life,"—life in the presence of God, life in the celestial kingdom, life in the highest place provided for the sons and daughters of our Father—"and few there be that find it. For wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction,"—to death, meaning loss of that exaltation—"and many there be which go in thereat."

Our declaration to all men is that we know the strait gate and the narrow way, not from our knowledge, but from the revelations of God, from those who knew it, who have visited the earth and have revealed to man again in this age the way through that strait gate and narrow road; and that the divine authority is restored to administer the sacred ordinances of the Gospel, to put men's feet in that path that shall lead to exaltation in the celestial kingdom.

We have gathered together these hosts of people who have enlisted, and we are inviting men and women everywhere to enlist, to subscribe to the highest standards that men have ever undertaken to subscribe to in the history of the world. This people is peculiar because they have been able to reach nearer the high standard of living set forth by the Master. There isn't an item He gave to man that is not incorporated in this Church and in the revelations of God to this generation.

What Peter said to the baptized believers, that they should add to their faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and temperance, and patience, and godliness, and brotherly kindness and charity, we have in the fourth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, and there is added humility and diligence.

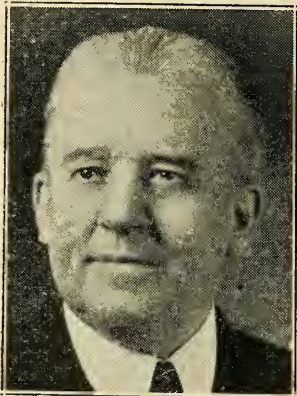
The Prophet said in the Articles of Faith: "We believe in being honest, true, chaste, benevolent, virtuous, and in doing good to all men." I say these standards are the highest that have been undertaken to subscribe to by any generation. Our ceremonies and ordinances are important, yes, but they are only the initiation. The great effort is to bring poor, weak human nature to adhere to these standards of living, to be honest with each other.

I shall never forget the thrill that came to me forty-three years ago when in the Northern States, at the close of an open-air meeting, an elderly gentleman with a high silk hat drove up in a carriage, and asked if he might speak. He said to the people of South Bend:

I want you to be kind to these Mormon Elders, because they are my friends. I have been doing business with them for many years. I have never lost a dollar on a Mormon, and I cannot say that of any other community in the United States. I have discovered that a Mormon's word is as good as his bond.

That was Mr. Studebaker, one of the members of that great institution, Studebaker Brothers.

I want the Latter-day Saints to know that our Father in heaven expects our reputation for honesty to be maintained in order that we may distinguish ourselves. Honesty to the Lord in the payment of our tithes and offerings is where honesty really begins. Last year's tithing records give proof of the honesty and the integrity of many of our people. If any have failed, there is always the chance to repent and get into the path again and undertake to conquer and to master and to overcome the weaknesses of the flesh. For there is power in this Gospel to enable the weakest of the weak to attain this perfect state of living.



Elder Ballard

So far as mortality is concerned we do not expect to reach perfection, but we can live up to these standards. There may be some of us who feel like those of old: What profit is it that we pay our tithes and offerings? We see the wicked flourish like a green bay tree. But the Lord comforted them with the assurance that not all of His blessings were material, that a faithful record of the acts and the

labours of men was being kept, and added: "When I come to make up my jewels I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him." Then shall the books be opened, and then shall we know, when we return to the earth, whether it has been profitable to serve God. For the man who pays his honest tithing is paying his rent to the Almighty, who is the Proprietor of this earth, and if he expects an eternal inheritance upon it he must obey the law of inheritance.

Has it been profitable to the Latter-day Saints that they have paid their tithes and offerings and sent their sons and daughters on missions? The record shows that not only spiritual blessings but also material blessings have been poured out upon the heads of the Latter-day Saints.

When we took our survey of the membership of the Church that was receiving government relief, it was not a surprise to me to find eighty-five per cent of the entire group were non-tithe payers. The Lord had somehow or other taken care of those who had paid their tithing. There had been some who

had felt that it was impossible for Latter-day Saints to pay their tithing, and then send their sons on missions and meet their other obligations. But our own survey reveals the fact that those who are meeting their obligations are tithe-payers, and they have not suffered financial loss because of these great contributions.

I have before me a survey of twenty thousand living returned missionaries. What a glorious thing it is to discover some eighty-five per cent of them are faithful in paying their tithing, and some eighty-seven per cent of them have employment. The Lord has fulfilled His promise. I confess that a drain such as all this on any other people, without the favour and the blessing of the Almighty, would have bankrupted them, but it has not depleted us. And those who are most prosperous and who are blessed in their material affairs are those who have served the Lord in this respect.

There are two principles as certain and as true as that the sun shines: Like has ever and shall ever be attracted to like: and as we sow, so shall we reap. One poet has expressed it as follows:

To every man there openeth a way and ways
 And the high soul climbs the high way,
 While the low soul gropes the low,
 And in between on the misty flats
 The rest drift to and fro.
 But to every man there openeth
 A high way and a low,
 And every soul decideth
 Which way his soul shall go.

We are all free, but we are inviting every man to climb the high way. We know the way and that way will lead through the strait gate to the presence of God Almighty in the celestial kingdom. This is the mission of this Church.

Yes, the men who are labouring to create faith in the hearts of the children of men in the Redeemer of the world are doing good, and we bless them for it, but they are not engaged in the kind of work we are engaged in. The masses of our Father's sons and daughters will find ultimately, through their obedience, their salvation in some of our Father's other kingdoms. But that is not the work with which we are concerned.

It is written in our own revelations that only those that can abide the celestial law can endure celestial glory. As we sow so shall we reap. We are reaping now, here on the earth. Blessed and fortunate are we, the sons of Joseph, the descendants of Israel, for we are reaping the consequence of our righteousness before ever we lived on this earth. Just as certainly shall we hereafter reap what we are sowing here and now.

These are eternal principles. All men and women, no matter what their nationality may be, who can subscribe to these standards and add to their faith virtue, keep themselves above temptation and full of the spirit of charity, and develop self-mastery in that they can control their appetites and otherwise subscribe to these highest standards of living given to us by the Master in preparation for eternal living in His presence, will pass to that company of glorified men and women, as certain as the sun shines.

The Way Of The Christian

By ELDER CHARLES A. CALLIS

Of the Council of the Twelve

TOO many people are prone to believe that the remedy for our ills, industrial and otherwise, must be material, and they are ready to accept anything that promises immediate material benefit. Every man that does not walk in pride—the pride that goeth before a fall—has a keen sense of his nothingness. Without divine aid how helpless and unprofitable we are. As a bird flees to the mountain for refuge, so the

soul of man reaches out to the Infinite. Man needs a power in which he can live and move and have his being.

So thought the man who was steeped in the learning and philosophy of the world, the Apostle Paul. Listen to him:

“I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.” (Galatians 2: 20)

Until Jesus Christ came upon this planet the divine Man never stood in full proportion. To Him was given all power in heaven and in earth. No other being exercised so great an influence on the thought and feeling and action of the world. There was none other who could give to



Conversion of Saul

those who needed it the spiritual help and comfort that He did.

In the Saviour there is strength, gentleness and sympathy. He is higher than and ahead of all human achievements and ideals. From no other source in the world have come such words as those of the Redeemer. They are so divine and yet so human that they equally concern and meet the most vital needs of the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned.

The Saviour was not effeminate. “All the excellencies of life, and more unite in Him—the orator’s persuasive speech, the artist’s love of beauty, the scholar’s passion for truth, the patriot’s love of country.”

All moral and spiritual guidance essential for us centres in His person and life.

"I am the true vine . . . Abide in me, and I in you. . . . Ye are the branches: He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing."

Christ is the fountain of spiritual strength and the means of conveying it to men. His mission is to men and for men. Mankind is always first in His care.

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

By virtue of the atonement we are lifted out of the quicksands of sin; by His precious blood, through obedience to the Gospel, we obtain sweet relief from the labouring conscience and the deep malady of guilt. Through Christ all men may be reached. He is mighty to save.

The Saviour's love for us is the mightiest moral stimulus that we can experience. Obedience to Him makes men really free. No man should try to think about or deal with political, economic or spiritual conditions in the world unless he is able to take to heart the teachings of our Lord. The greatest intellects have acknowledged the divine guidance of the Messiah. -

Jesus Christ is the bread of life. He went about doing good. His religion was robust, positive and constructive. He was wonderful in His working. The hands that made the world were ever ready to minister to the needs of the sick and the poor. He would not send the four thousand away hungry, "for they will faint by the way."

When He warned men to deny themselves He showed that voluntary self-discipline and self-restraint was the surest protection. He inspired great faith in men. "But speak the word only," said the centurion, "and my servant shall be healed."

Steadiness of purpose in every worthy endeavour was enjoined upon us when the Lord said, "No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." He inspired initiative when He told men to do many things of their own free will to bring to pass much righteousness.

In the Parable of the Talents, Christians are given a warning that they must use the abilities, powers and natural endowments as a divine trust to the glory of God and in the service of men. Service to fellow men was commended and exalted in these words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

After He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin, He could say, "I have overcome the world." In the spirit of that solemn and humble declaration, with confidence in ultimate victory, we can triumph, with God's help, over our infirmities.

He left us a rich legacy, a sure reward of immortality and eternal life. "Because I live ye shall live also."

It is futile to attempt to tread life's dangerous path without the unerring guidance of the Son of Man. In business, politics, social and industrial relations and in statesmanship, the Ser-

(Continued on page 442)

THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1939

EDITORIALS

Men As They Are

ONE of the most universal wishes of humanity is that humanity were somehow different. Even those we love sincerely we love with an awareness of their faults, and love them in spite of their faults. We yearn always for better things in men.

We love our neighbours—sincerely so. But we wish that they would refrain from doing those things which annoy us. We cherish and respect our associates, but we wish that we did not see in them those traits of human weakness which are common, in greater or less degree, to all mortal men, and with which we ourselves are so generously endowed.

We protest nepotism in others while we place our own kin in whatever position of favour we are able to place them, justifying ourselves by reason of the circumstances. We protest acts of acquisitiveness in others, while we ourselves seize every reasonably legitimate opportunity to add to our own store. We condemn in others all of those traits of humanity to which we are blind, or partially so, in our own lives. In short, we wish men were different, but they are as they are, some better, some worse, but all falling short of the ideal of perfection—of which only one faultless Pattern ever walked the earth.

The Reason For Failure

THESE are things we all know of others, and we know them even of ourselves, whenever we are honest and courageous enough to turn the spotlight of scrutiny inside instead of outside. And these deficiencies of human behaviour are the reason for the failure, or partial failure, of every idealistic movement since time began, and before. Except for them Lucifer would have kept his first estate; Joseph would never have been sold into Egypt; Israel would never have wandered forty years in the wilderness; Samuel would never have replaced the sons of Eli; David would never have brought about the death of Uriah; Martin Luther would never need have become a Protestor; Robert Owen would have had his Utopia; there would have been no bad governments, no dictators, no locks, no jails, no violence, no fear, no infidelity.

But that's another story—something to be hoped for, to be sought after, but something that neither has arrived, nor will, until the promised day when the Lord Himself reigns upon earth and all men shall know Him as their King. In the meantime our job is to take men as they are, without excuse, without apology, without evasion of responsibility, and use them in that manner in which they can best be used, and help them to become better than they are. Any organization that does less than this does not justify its own existence. Any movement, creed, or philosophy that does not have this as its funda-

mental aim and actual accomplishment does not merit continuance.

Help Men Become Better Than They Are

SUCH is the function—the only function—of the Church of Jesus Christ and all its helping organizations: not only to find desirable associates and accept them into our fellowship, but to take men as they are and help them to become better than they are. And on that day when we lose sight of this function as the primary reason of our existence we shall become an organization without a purpose worthy of perpetuation.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this:

Sometimes I wish that other men were different. But then, sometimes other men wish that I were different. And so, in the wisdom of Providence, finding ourselves as we are, it is our eternal hope that we shall continually become better than we are, both we, and those to whom we look for leadership, and those who look to us for leadership. The Lord being willing, we shall so move on together.—RICHARD L. EVANS

The Foyer Of Life

EACH of us should pause from time to time to contemplate as we enter the stage on which we must play our roles. Although in many respects our stage is set for us, to those truly great souls, the bad features of their stage settings have been merely stimuli to alter them. Lincoln, who read by candlelight and wrote on a wooden shovel, nevertheless set his own stage in so noble a manner that his name is synonymous with liberation.

We can help in the selection of the cast of characters. Early in life, we have some of the characters chosen for us, and it is our duty to team with those among whom we are cast. As we grow older, we select those who will play the leading roles in the drama of our lives. The choice of our friends, our companions, reflects what capabilities we ourselves possess and what we can become.

A Lasting And Beneficial Sense Of Fitness

WE can plot the action of our plays. We can arrange the scenes and acts in a series of climaxes which will move steadily and surely to one grand finale, on which the curtain is rung down. There can be no curtain calls, but we can leave with those who supported us in the cast and those who observed our play a sense of the fitness of our dramas which will be lasting and beneficial.

When we have thought these things through carefully in the foyer, we must enter wholeheartedly into the activity of our living drama. Sometimes we may miss our cues; sometimes the lines may be hard to interpret; sometimes the action may seem impossible to complete. But always we know that the Prompter is there to aid us through the seemingly impossible and that with His help we can complete our parts and perform our roles convincingly.—MARBA C. JOSEPHSON

THE WAY OF THE CHRISTIAN

(Continued from page 439)

mon on the Mount should be obeyed. That sermon should be laid alongside of every plan and policy. Belief in Christ is a great and essential investment. Beware of Mr. Wordly Wiseman.

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

The Lord who is abundant in goodness and truth has caused the earth to bring forth the fruit of all necessary good things to preserve life. Moreover He has provided rich spiritual blessings which prepare for a glorious immortality. Jesus came that men may have an abundance of grace, peace, love, life and salvation.

Jesus Christ, by whom the worlds were made, is the Author of every pure and world-wide purpose.

True science, "the handmaid of religion," is finding new planets, conquering new diseases; it is filling the heavens with commerce, and verifying thousands and thousands of years of Biblical and Book of Mormon history; it is spanning deep canyons with bridges; water, the golden liquid, is being stored behind massive dams of towering height; around the globe the human voice reaches. True science has faith in God; moreover, it co-operates with Him.

The everlasting Gospel establishes peace between God and man. The saving faith that was once delivered to the saints has been restored to the earth with all its gifts and blessings. Joseph Smith, God's earthly instrument to establish the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, consecrated his life to the betterment of mankind. "If my life," said the martyr, "is of no value to my friends, it is of no value to myself."

Seek for the fruits of the Gospel which are the best things in life. Put upon yourselves the all-protecting shield of your vigorous and fervent faith. Maintain always a praying frame or mind. Have the courage to follow the Lord Jesus Christ. God loves you. Behind a curtain, transparent only to the eye of faith. He holds a destiny for you, so glorious that language is inadequate to portray it.

In your spiritual ears will sound the summoning invitation, "Come up higher." March shoulder to shoulder with all good men and women in loyalty to God and country. Let the music of freedom, liberty and peace forever echo in your hearts. God is ever watching over His own and you are His children.

When someone told Abraham Lincoln that he hoped God would be on his side, Lincoln answered: "I am not so much concerned to try to have God on my side as to put myself on His side." May this be our resolve. May each of us try to put ourselves on God's side and stay there, through evil report and good report.

The most durable satisfaction, the deepest joys that swell the emotions of the human heart come from the testimony that we are pleasing God. When we stand at the gates ajar may each of us be able to say: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Ruff

By CAPTAIN T. BANHEARDT HARMSEN

CONDENSED FROM THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

AFTER school, the gang congregated, as usual, near the railroad tracks and High Street on a vacant lot. The spring air was soft and warm.

Lamar Smith, thirteen, snapped his fingers and made whining noises in his throat. A part-collie dog eyed the boys distrustfully, then grinned and wagged its tail. Kneeling, Lamar hugged the animal, which pushed its muzzle into the hollow under his arm.

"All right!" He looked at the gang leader, Barney Randolph. "We've been trying to get this stray dog for a month, here's our chance. Tie the cans to his tail." His flashing white teeth accentuated the sparkle of excitement in his blue eyes. "I can't hold him all day. In a minute, he'll be wise he's being two-timed."



Approaching warily, Barney slipped a small rope under the bushy tail, and said, "How's a dog going to figure he's being two-timed when he doesn't even know there is such a word?"

"Just the same, he thinks I'm a friend. When he finds out different, we better all go places in a hurry. This is a smart dog."

"Smart!" snorted one of the gang. "If he had any sense, he wouldn't let us tie these cans on his tail. Boy! He'll look like

Haley's comet when he tears up the street with this string of tin cans chasing him."

Barney knotted the rope, and Lamar stood up. The dog eyed him, still grinning, then moved, and the rope tightened on his tail. Quick as a flash, the collie whirled and snapped. The tin cans banged against his jaws and legs, and he sprang back, snarling.

A big saloon automobile skidded to a stop at the curb, and a man leaped out, shouting. All the boys ran, except Lamar, who watched the howling dog dash toward the railroad crossing, the cans bumping and banging.

The crossing guards were across the street, and the cars were lining up. The automatic signal was swinging, and ringing its warning of an approaching train. But the frightened animal went under the guards and dashed against the crossing watchman, who sprawled among the crashing tin cans. Lamar threw up an arm and covered his eyes as he saw a snorting locomotive bearing down upon the struggling pair.

The train thundered by. Lamar Smith lowered his arm. The dog and the watchman were tangled together. A huge, blue-coated policeman helped the raging man to his feet.

Lamar ran to the dog and kelt at his side. It whined, looked up helplessly, and licked his hand. Seeing the twisted, dish-rag appearance of both front legs, he guessed that they were broken. A lump rose up in his throat, and his chest felt tight. His hands trembled while he unfastened the rope from the collie's tail.

Then a hand grasped his shoulder roughly, and he was jerked to his feet by the Bobby.

"I saw him," the hysterical crossing watchman shouted. "Officer, arrest him! He tin-canned that dog. Didn't mean any harm! No! Maybe he doesn't know good intentions pave the way to hell? The dog's two front legs are broken—he'll have to be shot. I almost got killed, too!"

Hot tears streamed down the boy's face.

"Sorry, now, aren't you?" said the officer. "Yes—sorry you're caught. I'll just take you to the Sergeant. But before we go——." The man looked at the quivering dog.

It seemed as though the animal sensed death, for he flattened his ears, and snarled and howled.

"Just a minute, please," a commanding voice insisted, and a well-dressed man, nearly as large as the six-foot policeman, pushed forward. "I saw the whole affair. You may release this boy to me."

"No, you don't!" roared the watchman. "I saw that bunch of kids——."

"Quiet!" insisted the policeman. "This is Judge Howard Jones."

The stern-faced judge turned to the boy. "Bring your dog," he said, "and come with me."

The judge guided the car through traffic and covertly studied the offending youth. "Almost got into trouble, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir." The anxious boy swallowed hard. "I did not mean to, though."

"The only thing that counts in life is results. Even now, I wouldn't help you, but I believe you didn't mean to cause any harm. Why do you boys gang up like that?" The man turned his attention back to the traffic lights.

Lamar gulped and swallowed, "Well, we like to play, and—and—and we do, I guess."

"Hummmmm," mused the judge. "You seem like a pretty good boy. How would you like to meet a bunch of real boys—I mean, boys who are becoming valuable citizens?"

"I'd like it all right. Where are they?"

"This is Tuesday. Only troop of scouts meeting tonight, is the Latter-day Saints' Scouts.

"Is that a church?"

"Why, yes——."

"Then they won't have anything to do with my kind," the boy interrupted bitterly. "Below the tracks, we haven't nice clothes, and our folks are poor, and we have to have our gangs to have any fun. When one of us goes above the tracks, the police send us home—if we haven't a darn good reason for being there. They call us little toughs."

"Son," said Judge Jones thoughtfully. "Your kind needs scouting more than any other. It's after six now, and they meet at seven-thirty. I guess the dog won't find the going too rough until then."

Lamar Smith felt like a new person late that evening when Judge Jones took him home in his big car. The judge had introduced him to scouting at the Latter-day Saint Church, and he watched with keen interest while two first class scouts placed the dog's broken legs in splints, and made him comfortable by the church stove. Boys volunteered to come each day and care for the animal, which they named Ruff. Then Lamar was

asked to become a member of the troop.

"But I don't belong to your church," he said, hopefully.

"That doesn't matter," said one of the patrol leaders, "if you are twelve years old, and your heart is in the right place."

Soon after receiving his Tenderfoot badge he found that the members of the old gang had turned against him. They taunted him at every opportunity with jeers about him being a "sissy" and digs at him becoming "a Mormon Boy Scout." It hurt to be branded a traitor, to swallow



"Leaning over a pool."

his pride and take the insults heaped upon him, but he had been one of them and understood their viewpoint, so he did not hold anything against them, and persisted in being friendly toward them.

Through the summer, Lamar worked hard for advancement in the grocery store where Judge Jones had found him work on Saturdays. When school started in autumn he was the proud owner of a complete uniform, and was a first class scout. The gang had stopped teasing him, and were begrudgingly interested—but not enough to go to a church to join the Boy Scouts.

One day Lamar hiked to a wooded section south of the city, accompanied by Ruff, who followed him at every opportunity. He reached down and scratched the dog's ears affectionately. Ruff wagged his tail and yelped joyously.

As Lamar stood on the steep bank leaning over a pool where the stream he had been following formed a wide bend, suddenly it seemed as though the earth opened beneath his feet, and he felt himself falling.

He fell with the caving bank on to the pile of boulders underneath, his right leg twisted under him. It snapped, and a sharp, sickening pain jarred his whole body. A shower of debris from above fell around him. Another large chunk of the bank gave away, and he was powerless to avoid it.

He was thrown out into deep water. It flashed through his mind that struggling was futile. He let himself go limp, and clamped his left hand over his mouth and nose. He felt himself bob on the surface, and knew his buoyancy had lifted him. He raised his head suddenly, and saw a tip of a submerged stump a few feet away. He reached for it as he went under again. His hand touched it, slipped, found it, and held.

Ruff was on the bank which had caved, whining frantically. The boy called through chattering teeth to the dog, and his numb fingers lost their hold on the slippery stump. Under he went, but he heard a heavy splash, felt something gripping his coat collar; then his head struck something hard, and the shock to his body drove consciousness from him. . . .

Finally, Lamar opened his eyes. He found himself on the bank and heard excited voices and saw the gang, Barney at their head. Barney held his left hand while he explained his predicament.

"That's tough!" the gang leader exclaimed. "Ruff met us at the vacant lot where we were playing ball. He'd dash around, barking and yelping. Then he'd run away. Finally he howled like he was being whipped to death, sprang at me, grabbed the heel of my shoe, and jerked me off my feet. Then he backed away, snarling and watching.

"Then we tumbled that maybe something was wrong, and followed him. He yelped, and raced ahead, returning to bark at our heels like he wanted us to hurry. He brought us here."

"Good old Ruff!" Lamar scratched the dog's ears. "Can one of you fix some temporary splints for my leg?" he asked.

"We never learned anything like that," Barney said. "Could you do it to one of us?"

"Yes. That's part of the boy scout training."

"Can you beat it!" Barney exclaimed. "There must be more to this scouting than we thought. Could we join? Not right now, of course. We'll run over to the highway, and stop a car and take you to the hospital first. But later we want to learn about this scouting."

DEATH

TINSLEY—Ellen Ann Tinsley, 77, of Wigan, died on Saturday, June 17th. Funeral services were held at the family home on Wednesday, June 21st. Supervising Elder G. LaMont Richards conducted the meeting, assisted by Elders Sterling G. Jacobson and Lee Roy Layton.

The grave in Wigan Cemetery was dedicated by Elder Layton. A memorial service was held in Wigan Branch Hall on Sunday, June 25th. Elders Jacobson and Delmar Kearl, and Branch President Horace E. Heyes, spoke in tribute to Mrs. Tinsley.

GLANCES AT CHURCH HISTORY

Brief accounts of interesting events which occurred at a corresponding time of some previous year.

July 10th, 1875:—Martin Harris, one of the Three Witnesses of The Book of Mormon and one of the foremost figures in early Church history, died at the age of 92 at Clarkston, Cache County, Utah. His last words from his death-bed were spent in utterance of testimony of the divinity of the Book of Mormon.

July 11th, 1840:—William Barrett, a youth of seventeen, was ordained an elder by Elders George A. Smith and Alfred Cordon, in Hanley, Staffordshire, England, and set apart for a mission to Australia, to be the first missionary to that country.

July 11th, 1851:—Publication of the first copies of The Pearl of Great Price in Great Britain was completed in Liverpool, by Apostle Franklin D. Richards.

July 15th, 1891:—Elders Brigham Smoot and Alva J. Butler arrived at Nukualofa, Tongatabu, Tonga (Friendly Islands) as the first Latter-day Saints to carry on missionary work there.

July 16th, 1881:—Twenty-two saints from Iceland sailed from Liverpool, under the supervision and direction of Brother John Eyvindson, to join the main body of the Church in Utah.

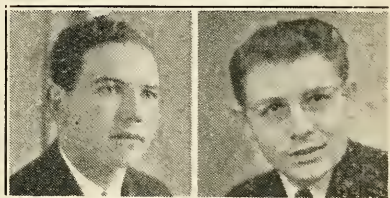
From the Mission Field

Departing Missionaries—



Elder Anderson

Elder Welker



Elder Bagley

Elder Larsen

Elder Howard D. Anderson, who has laboured in Birmingham, Hull and Scottish Districts, and in the British Mission Office, where he was circulation manager of the MILLENNIAL STAR, was honourably released on Friday, July 7th, and will return

to his home in Logan, Utah.

Elder Norman J. Welker, who has laboured in Leeds and Newcastle Districts, was honourably released on Friday, July 7th, and will return to his home in Safford, Arizona.

Elder Clifford W. Bagley, who has

laboured in Nottingham and Manchester Districts, was honourably released on Friday, July 7th, and will return to his home in Oakland, California.

Elder Louis C. Larsen, who has laboured in Bristol, Nottingham and Irish Districts, was honourably released on Friday, July 7th, and will return to his home in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Arrivals and Assignments—

The following missionaries to labour in the British Mission arrived on board the *s.s. Manhattan* on Wednesday, July 5th, and were assigned as follows: Elders Monroe J. Paxman (Provo, Utah) and Lloyd E. Rich (Brigham City, Utah) to Birmingham District; Leslie F. Nelson (Mt. Pleasant, Utah) to Bristol District; D. Jay Wilson (Ogden, Utah) to Irish District; Hubert S. Bennett (Philadelphia, Penn.) to Leeds District; Milan D. Smith (Clearfield, Utah) to Liverpool District; Newell S. McKee (Tridell, Utah) to Newcastle District; Lawrence A. Erskine (Salt Lake City, Utah) to Norwich District; Craig A. Decker (Kirtland, New Mexico) to Nottingham District; and Clyde B. Dixon (Cedar City, Utah) to Scottish District; and Eleanor Amott (Salt Lake City, Utah), lady missionary, to Manchester District.

Transfers—

Marianne Wiscomb and N. Wilhelmina Stoneman, lady missionaries, were transferred from Manchester and Newcastle Districts, respectively, to Hull District, on Thursday, July 6th.

Doings in the Districts—

BIRMINGHAM — On Sunday, June 25th, the following changes were made in the Relief Society and M.I.A. of Sparkbrook Branch: Sister Jessie Ward, Sister Maud Dyson and Sister Doris Webb were released from the presidency of the Relief Society. Sister Ward had been president for the past twelve years. Sister Maud Dyson was set apart as the new president, with Sisters Jessie Ward and Marie Smith as counsellors. Sisters Doris Webb, Doris Adams and Augusta Edwards were released from the presidency

of the Y.W.M.I.A. Sister Doris Adams was then appointed president and Sister Gwen Farmer was appointed second counsellor. In the Y.M.M.I.A. Brother Frederick Webb was released as president and was succeeded by Brother E. J. Stevans Jones.

Nuneaton Branch Relief Society conference was held on Sunday, June 18th, in the Masonic Hall, Nuneaton. The theme, "Humility and Intelligence," was presented under the direction of Sisters Elsie May Linnett and Marjorie Neil. Speakers were: President Linnett and her officers; Sister Florence Dunn, district supervisor; Sister Bertha Collins, assistant supervisor; Sister Violet Grundy; and Brother Norman Dunn, district president.

BRISTOL—Members of Cheltenham and Stroud Branches met at Cheltenham Hall in an inter-branch social on Wednesday, July 5th. The decorated hall was converted into a cafe and entertainment centre for the evening, and an American picnic menu was served which was arranged by Elders J. Carl Blake and Clinton F. Larson. The "not dog" was the feature of the menu. Following the lunch, a wide variety of games were played by the group attending to finish the evening's entertainment.

LEEDS — The Bradford Gleaner Chorus gave a programme at the Bradford Blind Institute on Thursday, June 15th. The music was augmented with recitations by Kaytnyrn Baird, lady missionary, and imitations by Brother George Pitts. There were approximately 100 persons in attendance.

On Saturday, June 24th, the Chorus, assisted by Brothers Stanley Rawnsley and George Pitts, entertained the N.S.P.C.C. at the Bradford Mechanics Institute.

NEWCASTLE — On Tuesday, June 27th, South Shields Branch M.I.A. conducted an outing to Gypsy Green. The evening consisted of story-telling, games and community singing around a camp-fire. Elder Walter Miller's account of the life of a Royal Canadian Mountie during the story-telling period was enjoyed by all present.

LATTER-DAY SAINT MEETING PLACES IN BRITAIN

(All meetings begin at 6.30 Sunday evenings unless otherwise indicated.)

- Aberdeen:**
West Front Room,
Music Hall,
Union Street.
- Accrington:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
Over 9, Church St.
- Airdrie:**
†L. D. S. Hall,
40, Hallcraig Street.
- Barnsley:**
Arcade Buildings.
- Batley:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
Purwell Lane.
- Belfast:**
†Arcade Buildings,
122, Upper North St.
- Birmingham:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
23, Booth Street.
Handsworth.
Council Schools.
Stratford Road.
Sparkbrook.
- Blackburn:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Saving Bank Chambers
Lord Street, West.
- Bolton:**
Corporation
Chambers.
- Bradford:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Woodlands Street,
Off City Road.
- Brighton:**
105, Queen's Road.
- Bristol:**
L. D. S. Hall, Zion Rd.,
off Clarence Road.
- Burnley:**
§L. D. S. Chapel,
1, Liverpool Road,
Rosegrove.
- Carlisle:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Scotch Street.
- Cheltenham-Stroud:**
Theosophical Hall,
St. Margaret's Ter.,
Off North Place,
Cheltenham.
- Clayton:**
*Central Hall.
- Derby:**
Unity Hall.
- Doncaster:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
Trafford Street.
- Dublin:**
†L. D. S. Hall,
8 Merrion Row.
- Eastwood:**
Library, Church St.
- Edinburgh:**
Ruskin House,
15, Windsor Street.
- Gainsborough:**
L. D. S. Hall,
4B Silver Street.
- Gateshead:**
Westfield Hall,
Westfield Terrace.
- Glasgow:**
South Side
Masonic Hall,
30, Abbotsford Pl., C.5.
- Gravesend:**
Freeborn Hall,
Peacock Street.
- Great Yarmouth:**
L. D. S. Hall,
33a, Regent Street.
- Grimsby:**
Thrift Hall,
Pasture Street.
- Halifax:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
35, Brinton Terrace,
Off Hansen Lane.
- Hucknall:**
*Byron Buildings.
- Hull:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Wellington Lane, and
Berkeley Street.
- Hyde:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Reynolds Street.
- Kidderminster:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Park Street.
- Leeds:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
5, King Charles St.
- Leicester:**
All Saints' Open,
Great Central Street.
- Leichworth:**
Vasanta Hall,
Gernon Walk.
- Liverpool:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
301, Edge Lane.
- London:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
59, Clissold Rd., N.16.
Ravenslea Chapel,
149, Nightingale Lane
S.W.12.
Downham Fellowship
Club, between 29 & 30,
Arcus Rd., off Glenbow
Rd., Catford.
Ivy Hall,
Wellesley Road,
Gunnersbury, W.4.
- Loughborough:**
Adult School.
- Lowestoft:**
L. D. S. Hall,
20, Clapham Road.
- Luton:**
Dallow Road Hall,
Corner of Dallow and
Naseby Roads.
- Mansfield:**
39a, Albert Street.
- Manchester:**
L. D. S. Hall,
88, Clarendon Road,
C. on M.
- Merthyr Tydfil:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Penyard Road.
- Middlesbrough:**
L. D. S. Hall,
21, Bottomly Street,
Off Linthorpe Road.
- Nelson:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
10, Hibson Road.
- Northampton:**
*L. D. S. Chapel,
89, St. Michael's Road.
- Nottingham:**
L. D. S. Hall,
8, Southwell Road.
- Norwich:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
60, Park Lane.
- Nuneaton:**
Masonic Hall.
- Oldham:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Neville Street.
- Plymouth:**
L. D. S. Hall,
34, Park Street,
Tavistock Road.
- Pontllanfraith:**
Enquire:
81 Brynteg Street.
- Preston, Lancs:**
L. D. S. Hall,
44, Avenham St.
Off Fishergate.
- Rawmarsh:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Main Street.
- Rochdale:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Lower Sheriff St.
- Sheffield:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
Corner of Ellesmere
and Lyons Roads.
- Shildon:**
*L. D. S. Hall,
100, Main Street.
- Skelton:**
Liberal Association
Hall, 13a, Queen's
Street, Redcar-on-Sea
- South Shields:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
98, Fowler Street.
- St. Albans:**
49, Spencer Street.
- Sunderland:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
18, Tunstall Road.
- Tipton, Wolverhampton:**
L. D. S. Hall,
Washington Building,
Berry Street.
- Varteg:**
Memorial Hall.
- West Hartlepool:**
L. D. S. Chapel,
7, Osborne Road.
- Wigan:**
*L and Y Station.

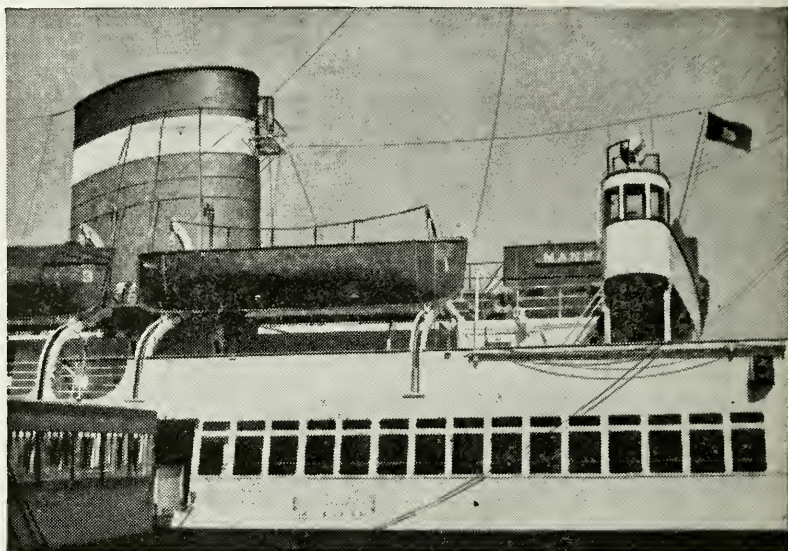
§—6.15 p.m.

*—6.00 p.m.

†—7.00 p.m.

‡—2.30 p.m.

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